THE PACIFIC

A religious and family paper

Pacific Theo Sem Reading Room

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AFTER ALL.

We take our share of fretting,
Of grieving and forgetting;
The paths are often rough and steep, and heedless feet may fall;
And yet the days are cheery,
And night brings rest when weary,
And somehow this old planet is a good world after all.

Though sharp may be our trouble,
The joys are more than double,
The brave surpass the cowards, and the leal are like the wall.
To guard their dearest ever,
To fail the feeblest never;
And somehow this old earth remains a bright world after all.

There's always love that's caring
And shielding and forebearing,
Dear woman's love to hold us close and keep our hearts in thrall;
There's home to share together
In calm or stormy weather,
And while the heart-flame burns it is a good world, after all.

The lisp of children's voices,
The chance of happy choices,
The bugle sounds of hope and faith, through fogs and mists that call;
The heaven that stretches o'er us,
The better days before us,
They all combine to make this earth a good world after all.

—Margeret E. Sangster.

THE PACIFIC

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AN AUDIENCE WITH GOD.

It may seem a very simple thing to kneel down and talk thirty minutes or more with the Lord; but those of us who love to pray and are trying to live a life of prayer find out after awhile that it requires strength from the Holy Spirit to pray effectively. To pray Scripturally, and in the Spirit, requires a divine touch upon our wills to give us patient perseverance, and another touch upon our attentiveness to concentrate our perceptions on God and spiritual things, and another touch on our imagination to form spiritual images or ideas of heavenly things, or of states of experience, and another touch upon our affections that we may pray with a proper feeling and intense desire after God's glory. Without divine strength to pray with, our prayers will wither just like flowers without water. So at the beginning of a season of prayer we should ask our heavenly Father to impart to us by the Holy Spirit special strength all through our faculties, that we may pray acceptable and effectively.—Living Words.

THE DIVINE PRESENCE.

The true source of all our perfection is contained in the command of God to Abraham, "Walk before me and be thou perfect." The presence of God calms the soul, and gives it quiet and repose even during the day and in the midst of occupation; but we must be given up to God without reserve. Whenever we perceive within us anxious desires for anything, whatever it may be, and find that nature is hurrying us with too much haste to do what is to be done, whether it be to see something, let us stop short and repress the precipitancy of our thoughts something, say something, or to do and the agitations of our actions; for God has said that his Spirit does not dwell in disquiet. An excellent means of preserving our interior solitude and liberty of soul is to make it a rule to

(Continued on page 19.)

THE AMERICAN BOARD
HAYSTACK CENTENNIAL CAMPAIGN

The five young men who held the Prayer-meeting as the Haystack men were:

Francis L. Robbins,
Samuel J. Mills,
James Richards,
Harvey Loomis,
Byram Green.

What would these five young men do for Foreign Missions if they were in the churches today?

1. As Laymen.
2. As Pastors.

We invite answers to this question.

OUR AIM—ONE MILLION DOLLARS IN 1905-06

"WE CAN IF WE WILL."

The words we have taken as our motto for the year, "We Can If We Will", are the words of Samuel J. Mills to the five Williams College students when they were appalled by the magnitude of the task before them in carrying the gospel to the heathen. Our task is easier than theirs. We can raise a million dollars if we will. What will you do to help?

Donations for the first two months of the year are $83,457.06, an increase of **$25,198.47** over last year. The same rate of increase continued would give us an advance of $150,000 for the year from this source alone.

WE HAVE A WORKABLE PROPOSITION

WATCH THIS SPACE EVERY WEEK.

H. Melvile Tenny, District Secretary — Cornelius H. Patton, Home Secretary.

THE PACIFIC

Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast

W. W. FERRIER, Editor.

San Francisco, Cal. Thursday, November 30, 1905

A WOMAN WHO MARCHED INTO HISTORY.

The woman who inaugurated the Woman's Christian Temperance Crusade passed up into the higher life from her home at Hillsboro, Ohio, on the 4th of this month. Mrs. Thompson was a little more than eighty-eight years old at the time of her death. At her funeral the surviving members of that first Crusade Praying Band acted as guard of honor. One who was in attendance writes: "As the hour of service approached one hundred women, each wearing conspicuously the significant emblem of the white ribbon filed out of the church door, two by two. It was an impressive sight, as it thrillingly recalled the historic march of the Crusaders from the same church door, December 23, 1873. It is also a coincidence worthy of mention that this very day and hour, Monday 2 P. M., a prayer-meeting for the universal spread of temperance has been maintained without a single omission for thirty-two years since the first meeting on this very spot of original Crusaders."

The Woman's Temperance Crusade came about in this way: Dr. Dio Lewis, of Boston, gave a temperance lecture at Hillsboro in which he told how his mother and some of her friends had united in praying with and for the liquor sellers of his native town until they had given up the business. In his lecture Dr. Lewis said: "Ladies, you might do the same thing in Hillsboro if you had the same faith." He put the matter to vote to test them and at least fifty women pledged themselves to make the effort. Mrs. Thompson was not in attendance at the lecture, but a sixteen year old son was. When he reached home he said: "And now mother they have got you into business; for you are on a committee to do some work at the Presbyterian church in the morning at nine o'clock, and then the ladies want you to go out with them to the saloons. Judge Thompson, the lady's husband remarked that it was "tom-foolery." Mrs. Thompson replied that the men had been in the tom-foolery business a long time and that it might now be God's will that the women should take part. The next morning as they were gathered in their sitting room after breakfast the boy asked, "Mother are you not going over to the church this morning? When she hesitated and looked perplexed the boy said, "But, my dear mother, you know you have to go." And a daughter asked tenderly, "Don't you think you will go?" Judge Thompson, the husband and father, had been silent up to this point. He had been walking the floor; he stopped suddenly and laying his hand on the family Bible said: "Children, you know where your mother goes to settle all vexed questions. Let us leave her alone." Leeaving the room at once the children arose and followed him.

Just as Mrs. Thompson was about to kneel in prayer a little later there was a gentle knock at the door. When she opened the door she saw her daughter standing there with tears in her eyes, and she said as she handed her an open Bible, "I opened to this mother; it must be for you." The message which thus came to Mrs. Thompson was the 146th Psalm. As she read and prayed she realized what her duty was, and went soon to the church where a large number of women, and men also had already assembled.

Mrs. Thompson was chosen president and Mrs. General McDowell vice-president. When the pastor of the Presbyterian church who had been occupying the chair arose and asked the president-elect to come forward and take the place for which she had been chosen, she was seemingly unable to movee. The minister said to the men who were present: "Brethren, I see that the ladies will do nothing while we remain; let us depart and leave this new work with God and the women."

That the work was left in good hands the sequel shows. Strength came to Mrs. Thompson as the men passed out. She arose and walked forward to the place vacated by the pastor and with her Bible in hand told the experience in the home. Then she read and commented on the Psalm her daughter had brought to her in which were the words: "Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help, whose hope is in the Lord his God."

More than one woman learned that morning that she could do what she had never thought she could do—even what she had thought she could not do. It was as it is said in the Psalm, "The Lord openeth the eyes of the blind." When Mrs. Thompson had finished her Bible reading she called on Mrs. McDowell to pray. Mrs. McDowell had never prayed in public; indeed it has been said of her that "Although a good Christian woman for many years she had never in all her life heard her own voice in prayer." But the prayed it was said as if Isaiah's "coal of fire" had touched and unsealed her lips.

When the prayer was ended the leader announced

the hymn begining "Give to the winds thy fears," and said: "As we join in the singing of this hymn let us form in line two by two, the small women in front, leaving the tall ones to bring up the rear, and let us proceed at once to our sacred mission, trusting alone in the God of Jacob."

And so they began to march, and marching they sang:

"Far, far above thy thought
His councils shall appear,
When fully he the work hath wrought
That caused the needless fear."

And so singing they marched into history. Out of that march that December day in 1873 in Hillsboro grew the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union to which it was given to do one of the grandest works of the last quarter of the nineteenth century. The movement which started that morning in Hillsboro spread soon all over Ohio, into West Virginia, Indiana and Illinois, and ere long in some form or other into every state in the union. Those little praying bands in the saloons or on the walks in front of the saloons are neither seen nor heard any more; they had their day and answered their purpose. They not only, as already stated, led to things other and greater, but they marked the turning point in the lives of not a few men who were putting the wine cup to the lips of their brothers. In Wheeling, West Virginia, for instance, a saloon keeper and variety theatre man was so moved by the pleas and prayers of the women that tears streamed from his eyes and he promised that he would seriously consider the question of retiring from the business. The throwing of the searchlight on his business soon so lessened and weakened it that the man sought a new field in Cincinnati. But here the praying bands hedged in his way and he went into bankruptcy. A little later he returned to Wheeling, joined a temperance club and at last accounts had remained ever steadfast in his determination to lead a life that would be a blessing and not a bane to the world. This is but one case of hundreds, and all over the land the fires started by the Woman's Christian Temperance Crusade are still burning.

The name "Temperance Crusade", came about in this manner: Mother Stewart of Springfield, Ohio lived so that she could see men passing into a saloon on Sunday in violation of law. Her pastor it is said, could see people entering the saloon as he stood in his pulpit on Sunday, but no one bothered himself about this and other violations of law. Mother Stewart disguised herself, went into that saloon, bought liquor and got the evidence which was needed. Writing concerning her venture and the outgrowth of it, the editor of a Dayton paper said: "Mrs. Stewart who is on a Temperance Crusade against liquor selling is determined to banish the trade from Springfield, and has gotten herself re-inforced by a battalion of resolute women who are making it hot for the saloonkeepers."

It was the term that was desired—Temperance Crusade. And so it lives yet today and will live in history. This crusade did not rescue our cities from the hands of the despoiler; but in its way, like the crusades of early English history, it laid the foundations and opened up the way for works that are shaping powerfully the life of today.

SALOON FOUNDATIONS.

The Saloon is not a good foundation on which to build. There are illustrations of this truth everywhere. There has been a standing one on Market street in San Francisco for several months. Early this year the Methodist Book Concern building, in a fine location on that street, was sold. After the building had been vacated by the persons who had been occupying it for sometime the first floor was rented for saloon purposes, the new owner being determined to realize the highest amount possible from the building. The three upper floors have stood vacant since that time until last week, when one of them was rented to a doctor who is evidently of the opinion that the foundation under him will not damage his business any, or who gets reduced rent because of it. This saloon has a back entrance on Stevenson street, and so the building has been discounted both in front and rear, and has stood vacant as to three of its floors for eight months.

Had it not been for the fact that a saloon was placed under them the Methodist Book Concern would have paid the required rent and would have remained on the second floor until a new building could have been made ready for them. In their efforts to make their property bring in the utmost dollar, they who bought that building overreached themselves in their aims. And the result stood and yet stands against the persons to whom they afterward transferred the property and who were of course bound by their lease.

San Francisco is a saloon-cursed city, but there are not a few persons here who wish their places of business to be disassociated as much as possible from the saloon. It was with the hope that the saloon might be relegated to less prominence in our midst that a large vote was cast at the last election to raise the liquor license from $84 to $500. The proposition was defeated, and that low figure stands. In Seattle, Washington, the license fee is $1000; in Tacoma it is $600; in Portland, Oregon, it is $900; in Los Angeles it is $900 and in Oakland $400. Undoubtedly the adoption of the proposed ordinance would have reduced the number of saloons considerably; but, as it is, San Francisco leads the country in the number of saloons per capita, having one for every 110 persons. In this respect, if in nothing else, we cut a bigger figure than New York which has one saloon for every 516 persons.

EDGAR ALLEN POE.

REV. E. LYMAN HOOD, Ph. D.

"He was great in his genius, unhappy in his life, wretched in his death. But in his fame he was immortal. — 1809-1849."

The readjustment of literary reputations is the task which the passing years impose unconditionally upon all students of literature. It is indeed a sad commentary upon earthly valuations that the popular idol of today is oft forgotten on the morrow. The waste in authorship is no less than appalling; books by the thousand are issued from the presses to be irrevocably lost in oblivion ere they reach their anticipated readers.

Mathew Arnold once declared, "The judgment of foreign countries is the nearest approach that can be made to the judgment of posterity." The large element of truth in the assertion reminds one that our literary stock in trade will possess very different values in the not distant future. It is an adage frequently quoted by the clergy that "A prophet is without honor save in his own country." This may be truly said of authors also. There are writers not a few, who never popular in America, are proclaimed by the critics of the Old World to be the high priests in our literary Sanhedrim.

One of the first Americans to write of and for his own land, James Fenimore Cooper, is a striking illustration. Until his fascinating novels appeared, portraying character and scenes in the New World, Europe had taken little interest in the literature of colony or commonwealth. Born in 1789, only a few months after the wheels of the national government were set in motion, Cooper entered Yale College at the age of thirteen. When at thirty he was bantered by his wife to write a novel, he began at once. Harvey Birch, Uncas, Leatherstocking, Chingachgook and Long Tom Coffin abide as the life-like creations of his fancy. No other writer of fiction in the English language, with the possible exception of Sir Walter Scott, has held his own so well for half a century after his death. When across the sea I was surprised to have been so frequently asked about the historical and scenic setting of "The Spy", "The Pilot", "The Last of the Mohicans" and "Afloat and Ashore." The novelist lies buried in a tree-shadowed church-yard near his old home in New York State, and the much worn path to his tomb, trodden by many pilgrims yearly, proves his abiding fame. In Europe, at the present time, no other American writer of fiction is so widely read; and the sale of his works in many tongues continues unabated.

A similar fate befell Edgar Allen Poe. He received scant recognition from his countrymen; and the half-hearted praise, grudgingly given, consigned him to obloquy. We are approaching the centenary of his birth; nevertheless, the sales of his works exceed in several of the Continental countries any other American poet. Not a few among the literati of those lands declare him the greatest of all the singers of America. This acknowledged fame of Poe in the present generation never fails to create surprise and also quickly prompts inquiry. Every great poet has been the interpreter of some primary conception of life. Homer voiced the artistic impulse of the Greeks, Job the spiritual longing of the Hebrews, Virgil the organic power of the Romans, Dante the mystic theology of the Middle Age, Milton the simple faith of the heroic Puritan, Goethe reflected the spirit of the Fatherland. The laurel-crowned minstrels have always keyed their lyres in harmony with their race and time. The question, therefore, arises, what was lacking in Poe that prevented response in his own lifetime from his own countrymen? And another, with equal pertinency, what makes him so acceptable and welcome to certain foreign nations in our own day?

A very brief sketch of his checkered life will help in the solution of the above questions, so long admitted to be vexed themes in literary criticism. Edgar was born in Boston, January 19, 1809. Both parents were on the stage. The theatre was soon closed and the Poes wandered through the Southern States, where they died in two years, leaving three small children to the compassion of friends. Edgar was adopted by the wife of a prosperous merchant in Richmond, Virginia, by the name of Allen, which was added to his own. The precocious boy went abroad with his parents, and spent five years in a famous private school in Stoke Newington. This English training was followed by six years of school in Virginia preparing for the State University. The bent of the twig already indicated the inclination of the tree; the boy was the father of the man. In one of the earliest of his poems, self-revelation is manifest; and it was prophetic:

"From childhood's hour, I have not been
As others were; — I have not seen
As others saw; — I could not bring
My passions from a common spring.

From the same source, I have not taken
My sorrow; I could not awaken
My heart to joy at the same tone;
And all I loved, I loved alone."

As in the case of many students now, the indulgence of his wealthy parents proved disastrous. Card playing and gambling engaged his time and energy. Mr. Allen was confronted with a demand to pay debts amounting to three thousand dollars. The young man soon left college and was taken into the counting room of his father's firm. The restraint could not be endured and Edgar left for Boston at eighteen, his only capital being a few fugitive poems, which were published ere long, 'Tamerlane and Other Poems; by a Bostonian." In them, his grotesqueness of fancy is reflected:

"I have reached these lands but newly
From an ultimate dim Thule,—
From a wild, weird clime that lieth sublime
Out of space,—out of time."

Poe the Hamlet of American poets, drifted into the Army, and later was appointed a cadet at West Point. It was another golden opportunity he threw away. After six months, he was dropped. Again the Bohemian life began; and in Richmond, Baltimore and Philadelphia, he eked out half a living by literary work. The same quantity and quality in the present day would bring its author both fame and wealth. "Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque" was the most orginal volume of stories that had been published in America. No wonder he is called the Sphynx of novelists, the original Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde. The titles of his tales are significant, "Mesmeric Revelation," "The Black Cat," "The Fall of the House of Usher," "The Premature Burial," "The Masque of the Red Death." He was the first American to treat the abnormal and the extraordinary in the language of pessimism, with the rhetoric of despair.

In Baltimore, he courted and won his beautiful cousin, Virginia Clemm. She was fourteen; he twenty-seven. Amidst the many disappointments of his married life nothing is ever heard but the most devoted love. In the little cottage in Fordham, near the North-

ern boundary of New York City, three and a half years were delightfully spent notwithstanding ever present poverty and increasing illness, which finally proved fatal to the wife. Her sad and lingering death broke the husband's heart. He was never again the same man as before. From early manhood, opium eating and liquor drinking had been entangling him more and more in their toils; now, with his loving wife in the tomb and his home lost, he sought in stimulants to forget his sorrow. The spiritualization of daily experience had always been utterly beyond his desire or ability to attain. The end came quickly; his life had been an enigma; his death was a tragedy. October 8, 1849, a cold, raw, cheerless day, with but nine persons present, the tired body of the sad singer was laid to rest in the burying-ground in Baltimore. In happier hours of early life, he had sung:

"Be silent in thy solitude
Which is not loneliness; for then
The spirits of the dead, who stood
In life before thee are again
In death around thee; and their will
Shall overshadow thee. Be still."

Edgar Allen Poe is a psychological puzzle. No other among all American men of letters has proved to be so great a bone of contention. A magic spell has been cast over those who have studied the vicissitudes of his fleeting career. His portrait has been drawn in the celestial colors of the saint; and, again in the darkest hues of satanic repulsiveness. Sarah Whitman finds in his sacrifice and sorrow an incentive to noblest endeavor. Griswold diabolized him, and would warn all men of the wickedness and fatality of his unpardonable sins. The life by Willis is a fervid eulogy. Professor Woodbury's biography indicates academic freedom and sincerity. He was not hypnotized. Edmund Clarence Stedman and Charles F. Richardson have both written sympathetically. A very recent sketch, accompanying the complete works of Poe in seventeen volumes, by Professor James A. Harrison of the University of Virginia is worthy of much praise. Out of the West has come a brief review of merit from the pen of John Phelps Fair. That such diverse opinions should be expressed by scholars of sanity and learning emphasizes the strange, kaleidoscopic aspects of the fateful life of this passionate troubadour. We are not therefore surprised that it has been recently dramatized by George C. Hazelton of New York City in the play called "The Raven." How significant are his lines:

"There are some qualities, some incorporate things
That have a double life; which thus is made
A type of that twin entity, which springs
From matter and light, evinced—in solid and shade."

The eighteenth century was dualistic; God and man were far apart. The first quarter of the ninteenth, in which Poe was born, was an era of transition. The simplicity of the past was giving way before the complexity of the present, (some doubtful spirits would say perplexity). The unloveliness of Puritanism was rigorously overstrained. Bleak and barren seems life in that earlier day. Against it, the life and work of the melancholy seer was a protest. His age waited anxiously for a voice of no uncertain sound; for one who possessed the sure qualities of leadership. The pantheism of Spinoza and the rationalism of David Hume, interpreted by popular French skeptics, had been sown broadcast in America. But the tide was beginning to turn. Kant dying five years before Poe was born, had declared that "God was a postulate of reason." Goethe, who conducted the hero of his masterpiece from groping agnosticism to Christian theism, was singing in Germany. Other contemporaries of Poe were among the greatest philosophers of all time; —Fichte the metaphysician; Schleiermacher, who unduly magnified feeling; Hegel, under whose idealistic spell we still move; Schopenhauer, who emphasized the will and made pessimism his gospel; August Comte, the sociologist, who preached "the religion of humanity." They all left their impress upon the plastic mind of Poe.

Earthly soil is footprinted with divine impress by those whose faces are upward toward the light, and whose days are consecrated. But Edgar Allen lacked purpose. He had no plan. Aimlessness was a source of much of his shortcomings. One marvels that a mind of so great original power should accomplish no more than write about thirty poems and sixty stories. And his life conditioned his philosophy, which was also defective. For man lives first and thinks afterward; the believer precedes the creed; reason rests upon experience. There must needs always be more and larger things in earth and heaven than are dreamt of in philosophies! Like Maupassant, Verlaine, Beaudelaire and Rossetti, Poe's dissipation perturbed his mind and unsteadied his pen. He realized that character was man's moral specific gravity. The element of saneness was wanting to a degree in all he wrote; and autobiographically he writes:

"Would God I could awaken?
For I dream I know not how,
And my soul is sorely shaken
Lest an evil step be taken."

The second quarter of the last century, the period of Poe's productive life and death, was in America the age of exploration, expansion, invention and prodigious growth. Instinctively, the heart of the nation sought that which could be trusted. His readers heard footsteps in the oppressive silence, but were left alone; they saw fleeting forms in the gathering darkness, yet were companionless. Many felt they were imperilled lest theology be swallowed up by philosophy and religious truth be obscured by metaphysics. They refused to make poems and tales their meat and drink whose author regarded God as an abstract truth rather than an instinctive belief to be fostered by daily experience. Other singers, with undimmed vision and certain note, were accorded leadership. It was a golden age of literature, Bryant, Longfellow and Whittier in New England; Wordsworth, the Poet Laureate, and Tennyson, who had already climbed the heights of Helicon, in England. Biographies of original minds are the best literary exponents of religion. By force of contrast, therefore, the homiletic value of Poe is very great; but it is negative. True culture is not the quantity of knowledge, but rather the quality of learning. Cromwell declared, "Paint me as I am, warts and all." Poe, in the closing stanza of the poem regarded his masterpiece, voices the faithless melancholy of his doubting heart:

"And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamplight o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor,
Shall be lifted—nevermore."

The extraordinary popularity of Poe in several countries at present may also be explained. In France,

Spain and Italy especially his message is greeted with marked favor. Not alone the thought but the dramatic and spectacular setting appeal to the Latin races of the Old World. France has just repealed the Concordat of Napoleon and separated the Church from the State. In a recent official census, over seven millions in the Republic declared they were without religious belief. Spain, humiliated again and again, would know the cause of her downfall. The literacy and tyranny of the priesthood are held accountable, in part at least. In Italy also, the common people are beginiing to do their own thinking and rebelling against the usurpations of the papacy. It must be confessed that the social and political conditions in those lands have tended to discredit religion and undermine the Christian faith. Poe is the prophet of their unrest.

In the United States, the increasing demand for the works of the departed minstrel proves his growing power. The reason for it must be sought, not in the social or political conditions, but in the changing thought of the day. Philosophy at present expresses itself in two antagonistic schools, the empirical and the idealistic. The source of both is found in Kant; the former was molded by Hume, the latter by Hegel. Both are monistic. In the past, the cosmic element of faith was manifest—God was too often lost in nature. But the pendulum is swinging. Force is no longer held to be the best expression of the divine. The moral rather than the dynamic is emphasized. We do not now prove Deity by the world; rather God alone can explain the universe. The monistic tendency of philosophy has been marked. It teaches a great truth. Not only do the heavens declare the glory of God, but all His works praise Him. But Monism, largely because of the influence of the doctrine of evolution, has been pressed too far. We can not forget that there is a divine transcendence as well as a divine immanence. When personality is lost to any degree, moral responsibility is confused. In the midst of controversy, it is well to remember that Christian faith was never more aggressive, hopeful and triumphant than at present. Notwithstanding, there are many who are indifferent and pessimistic. These find a voice in Edgar Allen Poe.

In the twenty-ninth chapter of the prophecy of Isaiah, there is a most remarkable picture drawn of the enemies of Israel. One is described as that of a hungry man who fell asleep and in his dreams eats. But he awoke—and his soul was empty. No student ever reads the life and works of Poe without increasing sympathy. His was a hunger and thirst of heart that was never satisfied. Only in his dreams did he find solace. He was indeed a great dreamer; and, in awakening, we hear the cry of an empty soul. In the noted Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City, a place of honor is given to a beautiful white marble statue of the poet "presented by the actors of America." It is the unique memorial of the tragedy of a faithless life; of one who was great in his genius, unhappy in his life, wretched in his death, yet immortal in his fame.

Jacksonville, Florida.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The Pacific went to press on Monday this week, instead of Wednesday, so as to give the printing office employees an opportunity to observe Thanksgiving. This made it necessary to omit many of our usual departments. Church news and other matter left out this week will appear next week.

THE CRY OF THE CITY.

Amory H. Bradford, D. D.

The new world cities are exceptionally cosmopolitan, Irish, German, Polish Hungarian, Italian cities all are condensed in New York and Boston and St. Louis. Emigrants from beyond the Alps and Balkans, from Sweden and Sicily, with hatred for all government, when brought together exhibit little municipal *esprit du corps.* They have come here for what they can get. Society has done little for them, and some of them are its enemies. They do not know our language, and have no care for our institutions. They herd in tenements which makes virtue and decency impossible.. That they are not worse than they are is a tribute to the inherent nobility of man. A down town ward in any great city is a congeries of tenement houses, on the ground floor of which are grog shops, while on the upper floors are rooms in which human beings nearly lose their identity and their humanity. There are found vices which would have shamed the insane Caesars; cruelties that Torquemada would have blushed to commit; depths of infamy that Dante could not have exaggrated. Such people infect others with the virus of their wickedness. They have votes and make laws which have relations to the world; they rear families in an environment which defies the church and threatens the foundations of the state.

While these classes are flocking to the cities, in ever increasing throngs, those who appreciate higher and finer things, who might make more healthful environment, are going to the suburbs. The urban life is steadily deteriorating; the suburban life, with equal steadiness, is improving. Consequently, in the districts deserted by good citizens, wickedness organizes; the police become leeches on those whom they ought to protect and government degenerates into a farce. Exaggeration in treating this subject is difficult. New York, Boston and Chicago, even more than London Paris, Berlin and Vienna, are a confusion of races, and a Babel of tongues.

Where are bred the revolutions? Where the faces of the poor are ground in the factories. Where is the most terrible poverty? Where modern Shylocks open sweatshops and grow rich at the expense of those who live in cellars and attics? Where rises the bitter cry of the unemployed? Where the mills are multiplied, whose stoppage means starvation to thousands who seldom receive more than starvation wages? The modern city is the standing menace of civilization—yet without the city there can be no civilization. It is the strategic point in the contest against wickedness. If that be taken for righteousness the salvation of the world will be easy; if that be lost the redemption of humanity may be deemed impossible.

What should be the attitude of the church toward the city and its problems? Jesus was more interested in men on earth than in some far off in heaven. What he saw caused his heart to break. And he was no mere sentimentalist. The city needed him. What did he do? He entered it; went into the very heart of its wretchedness; touched its open sore with his own hands. The only way to cure humanity is to touch it. The city needs good men in its politics and business more than it needs even divine Christs weeping over it. Jesus was no *connoisseur* in religion. He went on no tours of curious inspection. Thosewho can do nothing for the world's misery had better keep out of it. Pious curiosity, with no sacrificial purpose behind

it, hinders more than it helps. The world needs more men with the spirit and method of Jesus, those who are ready to enter its misery, vice, crime, and live and die there. Anarchists and the unemployed will listen to those whose sympathy is impartial and who speak out of accurate knowledge. If the cities of this world are ever made the cities of our God the credit will belong to those who have put themselves at the service of humanity at its worst, and who have learned to love the lowest as well as the best of the race. What the city needs is Christlike men and women, willing in these days to be what Jesus was in Jerusalem—those who are ready to go where the people are, to live where thy live, to study their problems in their light, and then to help them to higher levels. The human way is to build a great house, and say none too graciously—Come to us; the Divine way has been to go forth to find those who require assistance. The cry of the hungry and suffering souls is for personality, real, genuine, unselfish, divine, personality; some one near enough to be touched, divine enough to inspire, human enough to encourage. The churches must learn to go to the people. It is easier for Fifth avenue to worship in Mulberry street than for Mulberry street to go to Fifth avenue. The next thing for the churches to do is to insist that the pulpit shall adapt its messages to the people to be reached. Preaching is not the only means for advancing the Kingdom. Anything that will keep a man sober helps toward that end. Anything which will draw men and boys from the grog shop six days in the week by its gymnasium and clubs is doing Christ's work. The Gospel of hope may be sung into some disheartened souls; they can be touched by a woman's singing, "O, Think of the Home Over There," when an argument for immortality would have no more effect than sunlight on a rock. Those who are hungry for bread do not care much about heaven or hell. Jesus fed the hungry, healed the sick, told his disciples to do the same, and then to preach the Gospel. First, that which is natural; then that which is spiritual. Those who are physically miserable, as a rule, must be made comfortable before they will listen to the preacher, much less appreciate his words.

The Kingdom of God will come on the earth, but it can not come while theives and murderers make laws and pretend to dispense justice; while sleek, slimy, serpentine politicians talk piously about "practical politics," and then sell the social Christ for less than thirty pieces of silver; while grog shops are on every corner; while the respectable sit in ceiled houses away from the tides of human care and crime, and while the vile and selfish tighten their grasp on municipal life.

But there is a Gospel to be preached even while the human landscape is so dark. This message should be rung out with the music of ten thousand Christmas bells. All are children of the King. No depth is so deep that God is not there. No depravity is beyond the reach of love. No human being is ever lost except he chooses to be. This Gospel must be heard in the sweat shops and grog shops, among the sick and the poor, among the vicious, cruel and devilish. The truth that love must be victorious some time emphasized by Christ-like men and women, will have the force and persuasion of the rising sun. Oh, these awful questions! Oh, these terrible sights! oh, these hungry multitudes and these starving children! Oh, these great cities; will they ever be like the City of God? They will, but not until those in the churches, and thousands beside, have so entered into the life of Christ that their hearts bleed for the masses, as He bled for men; not until the cultured and strong go into the midst of the hopelessness and desolation of the time as He went, not until thousands more, walking in the divine footsteps, have died as He died for those who will not appreciate their efforts.

This movement for the redemption of the municipalities is already well started. The churches and the social settlements are in the lead in this new crusade, and with them are men and women with the prestige of social position, the culture of the universities, with wealth, with exalted character, with faith and prayer, where they have noting else to give and these can not be defeated.

Every great city has a voice and utters its appeals. In that appeal are the entreaties of the poor, the sobs of children, the groans of the dying, the despair of the wicked, the wail of lost souls. All these are condensed into the terribly bitter cry which rises from thousands whose hearts are starving with social and spiritual hunger; whose lives are barren of all that makes existence endurable—much less beautiful. What shall be the answer of the church to this "Cry of the Human" and "Cry of the Children"? Christ wept over the city He entered the city; He gave Himself for it; He died for it, and all good Samaritans will do likewise, never forgetting that—

The man most man, with tenderest human hands,
Works best for men, as God in Nazareth.

Montclair, N. J.

THE CONGESTION OF CITIES.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

[We are indebted to The Christian Register for this excellent article by Edward Everett Hale.—Editor.]

One of the greatest benefactors of America is the man who conceived and pushed through the "Homestead Law." Not one in one hundred of the readers of these lines knows his name.

"No form of bronze, and no memorial stone,
Shows me the place where lie his moulder bones."

But none the less, as the writer in Ecclesiasticus suggests, his work lives after him and is his monument.

The "Homestead" act permitted each "actual settler" to "take up" a farm of one hundred and sixty acres for his own. The nation found out that land without inhabitants was as useless as water without inhabitants, and it threw open its land to the "actual settlers." With the success of the great irrigation works now in progress, a million or more square miles will be thrown open to "actual settlers." But these would only accommodate four million families, and it may be necssary for Uncle Sam to curtail the size of farms a little in the new distribution.

With such lavish provision for homes and the farms which shall produce their daily bread, why should we hear as much as we do hear of the congestion of cities? Granting all that may be said of the attraction which a gregarious animal like man finds in closely settled towns, why should we have one hundred thousand people in the old peninsula of Boston? why fill up the Back Bay and the South Cove and the Mill Pond? Why is it necessary to build sky scrapers *usque ad coelum*?

The indifference to such questions is not creditable. For civilization has no duty more essential or central than this of placing people where they belong, where they and their children can grow and thrive and increase. Crowded cities do not meet this demand: deserts do not meet it. And it ill becomes a nation which pretends to be a Christian nation to show to any Recording Angel the crowded throngs of unhappy and unsuccessful people who throng London and Liverpool and New York and even Chicago, on the same map which shows that the average population of the United States has a square mile of territory for every eleven people within the nation's boundaries.

As I send these lines to the press, the newspaper announces that six thousand women in London have just now waited on Mr. Balfour to tell him that they and their children are starving. This is not creditable to what we choose to call Christian civilization.

This subject came as a matter of course before the assembly which discussed the problems of poverty in Boston last week. I want to contribute a suggestion which seemed to me to escape the attention of the Conference. But, in the fifty years in which I have had to struggle daily with problems of the congestion of cities, I have thought more and more that it is not sufficiently attended to. Wholly apart from the attraction of cities, which are very great, there is this difficulty, that nobody cares to present in any combined or practical movement the attraction of the life in the country which offers itself as the contrast to public libraries, operas, concerts, balls and the other undoubted advantages of city life. When the happy European arrives with the luxury of freedom, he finds an old fellow-countryman who has settled in the seaport and who expatiates on the advantages of this position. But he does not find the other fellow-countryman who took his wife and babies to Illinois or Michigan or Nebraska, and is living there with every comfort and with better income than the fellow-countryman who stopped by the way. That man is in better business than involves the welcoming of newcomers on our shores.

I heard the governor of Kansas once say in a public address that they had no occasion to explain to newcomers from Europe the advantages of their State. He said that in one summer morning there would arrive in Kansas more people than was the share of Kansas in that year's foreign emigration. It may seem as if such a statement as that were a sufficient reply to the regrets of us Eastern cockneys. But, in truth, this only meant that the natives of the older States know enough to go to the virgin frontier. On the other hand, Mr. George Holyoake, the English philanthropist, after studying the detail of emigration with great care, assured me that the average emigrant on arrival here had no well-founded information to govern him. And I think that at this moment, if a Sicilian used to raising oranges happened to meet the wrong railroad agent when he landed in New York, that man might easily persuade him to take his family to Northern Minnesota. I mean that he would not find any systematic comparison of the new homes which are open to him. He would find probably a Mormon elder, he would find, if he were in Boston, the agent of the Travellers' Aid Society, and he might find some railroad ticket agents; but he would not find any authorized agent of the government, either of the State or the nation, whose business it would be to put the Sicilian in the South or the Norwegian in the North or the iron man in an iron region or a farmer on the land.

And, when one asks why the local authorities or the local philanthropists leave this tide of foreign emigration with so much indifference, there comes the rather curious reply that the men most interested in the larger problems of national life are probably at the same time most interested in the development of the places in which they live. At the bottom of his heart the man whose investments are in Boston, whose real estate is in Boston, whose memories are the memories of Boston, who hopes the hopes of Boston, does not want to reduce the population of Boston. He is in a general way interested in theUnited States, he is in a general way interested in the welfare of the newcomers; but in a very particular way, not in the least general, he is interested in the prosperity of Boston. You have to go to work with him to make him see that a crowded Boston is a bad Boston. The truth is that, the moment you pass a certain line of density of population, you paralyze every effort for the diminution of crime, for the prevention of contagion, or the other endeavors of organized charity.

But it is very hard to persuade land-owners or capitalists that the prosperity of the nation and the advancement of the kingdom of heaven requires a more even distribution of population.

We have gained a good deal since the year 1600, when for every Indian baby, in what is now the United States, there were twenty-seven vacent square miles. We have come to that happy point where, in eight milion square miles, we have a little more than eighty million people,— about one square mile for a family of eleven persons. But this is but a poor showing when one ascends to the sixteenth story of a tenement house and finds a family of his brothers and sisters quartered in a room which is twelve feet square.

Miltiades took the first step in the career which made him great by leading a colony from Athens to the Chersonesus. If we had a war break out suddeuly, there would be scores of young gentlemen in New York or in Philadelphia who would gladly raise regiments. Why is there no young leader men, no William Jerome or Curtis Guild, who wants to lead a colony of people in one of the crowded cities who would gladly be fellow-workers with God in Idaho or Montana?

SPARKS FROM THE ANVIL.

BY DR. JOHNS D. PARKER

Nothing disturbs a studious man more than the senseless talk of society. A Boston wit was invited by some ladies of his acquaintance to one of their teas. He went, much against his inclination, but because he did not want to offend them. They were proud of his attendance. While the ladies held their chit-chat he was silent, or simply responded to the questions in monosyllables. When the tea was over, the ladies asked him to make some remarks. The wit declined first, but as they demanded that he must give his opinion of their tea, he at last said that he could give his opinion in four words. He said the words began with one letter. They were very curious to know what the words were . At last he rose to his feet, and said his opinion could be put in four words. The words that expressed his opinion of their tea were "Giggle", "Gabble", "Gobble", "Get." The ladies were satisfied with his remarks, and said they would excuse him. The wit was also satisfied with the tea, and concluded that he would never go to another tea.

* * *

An author was spending a few weeks with an acquaintance one summer. He was very much interested archæology, and wanted to say something about it at the table. But his lady friend has recently set a hen that hatched only one chicken. When he began to talk about archaeology, the lady would begin to talk about her chicken. The speckled chicken had the best of it. In fact the prehistoric ages were not to be mentioned in comporison to that speckled chicken.

* * *

An author was preparing a work on eschatology, and was inclined to talk about the matter at the table. He thought that human destiny beyond death was worth thinking, and talking about. But unfortunately there had been a recent marriage in the vicinity, and the conversation at the table drifted into kid gloves and cravats. Human destiny did not stand any chance whatever.

* * *

Christ says the Kingdom of Heaven is like a mustard seed. The figure is perfect. The mustard seed is the smallest of seeds, and sometimes a truth is very minute. The mustard seed only abides its time, and sometimes a Bible truth will transform a nation. It will take years for a truth to grow, but in time it will overturn a whole nation. One is reminded of what the Psalmist says: "There shall be handful of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountain; the fruit thereof shall shake like shake like Lebanon."

* * *

A very distinguished scientiest was once found who was so absorbed in his specialty that he had never read the Bible. He was an authority on his specialty, so the Smithsonian Institution valued his work both in collecting specimens, and in interpreting science. He could identify species in his department, and he could name and describe new species. But he did not want to know anything about society. So he built his house a little back from the road, so no one would be likely to call on him. It was remarkable that any man could live in America and know so little of the Bible. Still a man may know a great deal about one thing, and not know anything about another. When a Bible was given to him, he read it through several times. He said it was the most remarkable book that he had ever seen. In a religious sense, he might be called a pagan. It is strange that such a man could be found in a religious land.

* * *

The "personal element" in any profession is very important. It is well known that one man will fail where another man will succeed. This is true in every profession and walk of life. Sometimes a physician will succeed, when another man will make a miserable failure. Sometimes a farmer will succeed when another will fail. A clergyman was called to a distant field of labor, so he let out his farm to a man, who offered to work it on shares. The clergyman not receiving anything from his farm, returned home after a few years to find it all run dow. The renter had let the cattle die, and the brush along the fences had grown so high that one could hardly see them. The same truth is very plain in regard to the clergyman. One clergyman will fail in a parish, while another clergyman will come to the same field, and have a glorious revival, and make a great success. Its the "personal element," that often makes the difference between success and failure in every vocation.

SALARIED DAUGHTERS.

"How to Keep the Boys on the Farm?" was a question debated a few years ago. Many solutions were offered; none very adequate, if we may judge from the census returns of the growth of cities. "How to Keep the Girls in the Home?" is a very similar and more important problem now demanding attention. That it is desirable that a daughter remain in her father's house during that period of indefinite length that comes between the end of school life and the beginning of matrimony is generally agreed. She is better protected there, physically and morally, and her parents feel that they have a right to her companionship, since they have, perhaps, deprived themselves of it for years while she was at school, and they must anticipate another and more complete separation in the course of the next few years.

At the same time the feeling that leads the young woman to leave the home to seek economic independence is a normal and creditable one. Every adult, able-bodied and capable individual ought to earn his or her own living and in such a way as to realize it. No matter how useful a daughter is in the home she usually thinks, and usually not without reason, that her work is not appreciated at its full value. To ask a father for money is as disagreeable as to ask a husband. If she earns it, she ought not to have to receive it as a gift. When we are young we clamor for justice; when we get older we are more humble and glad to be treated with generosity. The daughter in the home knows that she will receive the same treatment whether she is good natured and helpful or disagreeable and lazy, and who has an ethical nature so stout as to resist such a demoralizing influence as this?

At this period of her life, when she is most energetic and ambitious, and most needs work and responsibility, the young woman is either not given anything of importance to do, or receives no specific compensation for her indefinite and voluntary services. Feeling that she is not appreciated or needed at home, she listenes favorably to any young man who professes to appreciate her and declares that he needs her. Or she is tempted by her talents into a professional study of art or music, not realizing that fingers that are nimble at the piano can usually be made more useful in other ways, and that she can exercise her gift for acting without going on the stage, in making herself agreeable when she is feeling cross.

If there is nothing for the daughter to do in the home except to amuse herself, she had better get out of it as soon as possible. It must be acknowledged that household industries are being taken away by the factories so fast that it is increasingly difficult to find really profitable employment for women in the home. But in many cases where the daughter leaves home wholly or for the day to do teaching, typewritting, or other work in office, shop or factory, there is need of her work in the home, and often help has to be hired to take her place. In such cases, the daughter should be given a regular salary, approximately the equivalent of what she could earn outside after making allowance for board, room rent and the numberless privileges a girl has in her father's house. The salary should be at least equal to what would have to be paid for the same work if a stranger were called in to do it, and the duties should be as distinctly defined and as promptly and efficiently performed. This is a very

different thing from an allowance without definite duties.

We know of several families where this plan has worked successfully. In one instance the daughter, while unmarried, became a capable housekeeper and manager, buying all supplies and relieving both parents of care and annoyance, for which she received a housekeeper's wages at the end of every month. Another, whose mother is an invalid, gets a weekly envelope containing the same amount that would have been paid a nurse . Both these salaried daughters were happy, contented and efficient, and each had a feeling of independence and self-reliance never to be attained under the "allowance" system or the usual haphazard appeal to father for money to gratify needs or whims,

Her earnings the salaried daughter can use as she pleases, spending it for her clothes, and in gifts, charity and pleasures. If she puts part of it in the savings bank, as she should, she provides her own dowery, just as many girls now do by outside work. This is a return in a novel way to the good old plan of primitive times, when no girl was eligible to marriage until she had a "hatching-chest," full of linen and clothes of her own spinning, weaving and sewing. In those days daughters were thus given an opportunity to earn their own dowry in the home although they received no cash. Whether the work of the salaried daughter be as housekeeper, nurse or social secretary, it is a better preparation for married life than most outside occupations. The plan does not in any way abrogate filial affection or its implied duties. Whether a daughter stays at home from a sense of duty to her mother, the approval of a good conscience and the verbal recognition of her value are not always sufficient to alleviate the feeling of dissatisfaction and unrest caused by her desire to realize her economic entity.

It is, after all, only a phase of general difficulty that parents, and mothers especially, have in knowing that their children have grown up. Mothers are apt to try to prolong the little Lord Fauntleroy period as far asp assible, and they keep their daughters in short dresses until they look like ostriches. It is a rare woman who can delegate responsibility, even to hired help, and it is much harder for her to take her daughter into partnership than it is for a father to take his son.—New York Independent.

SOUTHERN BRANCH WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS FOR THE PACIFIC.

Mrs. Dorward's Letter.

Mrs. Florence A. Dorward writes from Adams, one of the stations of the Zulu Missions::

"We had heard when in town that our house had been entered and a fire set in two places. It was a desolate looking place that we found on our return, but it would have been more desolate not to have found any house at all. Most providentially the fire was discovered before it had done very much damage. It was the work of a man just out of prison. He is now in again for six months and we dread the time when he is again set free.

You ask me to tell you the effect of the Deputation as seen at the distance of a year." I do not think I can answer it very satisfactorily. When the word came to us a few months ago from the "Rooms" of the A. B. C. F. M. that they could not accede to our earnest request for another man, and that very probably no more would be sent out, as the people should now be able to care for themselves, we felt that the situation had not been sufficiently understood. The Deputation saw the people at their best—saw them going in crowds to their annual meeting, saw and talked with the leaders, the most intelligent men amongst them and heard them complain that they were not given the responsibility which they were capable of taking. I think the Deputation sympathized to a certain extent with them. I would not say that our missionaries are infallible in their judgment of native character, but they had had a better opportunity of testing it. It was not possible for the Deputation to see the people as they really are in so short a time. When that word came out of the "Rooms" in regard to reinforcements one of our missionaries wrote and asked if it were really the policy for this mission to drag out a weary existence and die a natural death. If so, then some of the younger men wanted to get into some other work, before they were too old to adjust themselves to new conditions. Our missionaries could not long endure the strain put upon them if not reinforced. Since then a new man has been appointed and is to come in September. A lady teacher is very much needed at the girls school at Uzumba.

The new work at Beiva, East Africa, is a direct result of the Deputation. It had been put on a workable basis and Mr. and Mrs. Bunker are very happy in the prospect of a prosperous work. Mrs. Bunker writes: "We see in so many ways how the Lord has gone before and prepared the way."

You ask about our "outlook for the future." I think I can truly say that it is a little brighter than a few months ago. The people are still dreadfully stirred up over the three pound rent ($15) a year, but some of them at least believe that the missionaries feel about as badly as they do about it, and that they are doing all in their power to get the Government to lessen it by five or ten dollars. There are some who can pay it as well as not, but the majority are too poor to meet such a tax.

Mr. Dorward was given the work of supervision of the North Coast churches in addition to his other work, until the new man is ready to take it up. For the most part the people have been very cordial and given no hint of the turmoil going on within. I think I can safely say that the storm is abating.

The large new church in Durban has just been opened with the most interesting services. Sir David Hunter, the man who has done more than any one else for the railroads in Natal, unlocked the door. He was the choice of the native people and he graciously accepted the invitation to perform this cermony. There were a large number of white people present and their gifts helped considerably toward lessening the small debt on the new building.

And just a few words in regard to my aged women. When the annual meeting of the natives came to Adams this year, it seemed as if the women were the most interested. When the meetings were over, it was they who gathered together for special prayer and conference. Two weeks later when the man who had been appointed as Mr. Ransom's helper, gave a call to all those who longed for a blessing to meet every afternoon for a week in the church, the men were few, but fifteen or twenty of the women were quite regular. Of course I am not contented with this, for I have reason to fear that but few have given up their drink. It is an awful temptation to them. Ushwala is a mild drink and must be taken in large quantities before it

brings on intoxication. They call it their food, but it makes them quarrelsome and to take it is against the rules of the church. To take it in secret as they have to, deadens the conscience, hardens the heart and is a check to all growth in the Christian life. They are in a very critical condition. They have been aroused from sleep, they long for something better, at times they hate the sin , but only to slip into it again when the next temptation comes. They are comnig well to the Tuesday meeting and are most earnest in their prayers. Will not the Lord in his great mercy be very tender and forgiving to these, his weak children!

FROM SAN JOSE TO MISSION WORK IN NEW MEXICO.

Miss Sara R. Edwards, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Edwards of the San Jose church, and granddaughter of Judge James H. Haven of the First Church, Oakland, left San Jose Monday, Nov. 27th, for Cubero, N. M., to teach in a mission school under the Congregational Education Society. She will be associated with Mrs. Laura H. Collings. Cubero is a Mexican village twelve miles from the Lagwia Indian Pueblo which is the nearest station on the Santa Fe railroad.

It was a great moment in the history of our church when a few weeks ago we bade farewell to our foreign representative Dr. Susan B. Tallman and sent her to China, but it is a much more critical moment when one of our own children hears the call and answers "Here am I, send me." For Miss Edwards has grown up in Sunday school, in Christian Endeavor and in the church, and her fine heredity has constantly expressed itself in a passion for service. The informing spirit of her life is love—and her love is universal in its range; and there is no demand of need to which she does not instantly respond. She is sunny and joyous in her disposition, apt to see the point and quick to act. Direct in her thinking and clear in her conclusions she lives straightforward and effectively—she is a doer of things.

It costs much to give her up; but the call has come and her personal relation to Jesus is such that she has but to hear it clearly. And we know that infinite love and foresight plans it all.

She goes from a church that loves and will pray for her and the example of her high courage and exquisite devotion brightens the fire upon many altars.—

W. T. P.

THE WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS FOR THE PACIFIC.

Quarterly Meeting.

Please reserve the First Wednesday in December, to attend the quarterly meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific. The place of meeting will be given in the Pulpit Notices, next Sunday and your particular attention to that notice is desired.

Though Belgium has an area of only 11,373 spuare miles, which is less than one-fourth the size of the State of New York, and a population of only 6,500,000. it has accomplished within twenty years a mighty task opening up to the world a vast territory in Africa, covering 800,000 square miles with a native and white popultion of about 30,000,000.

Christian Endeavor Service.

REV. HERBERT N. BEVIER.

December 10.

Topic:—The City of God. Rev. 22: 1—8

We have in this passage and in the immediate and following context a beautiful picture of the Chdistian ideal as it has been progressively realized in human hearts since the advent of Jesus, and also a forecast of the conditions of Heaven. If in the past too little has been made of the present aspect of this noble vision, are we not in danger now of minimizing its power as a symbol of conditions in the other life? We lose nothing but gain much by not neglecting the long perspective. When asked to apply these magnificent sentences to earthly conditions alone we feel very much as Mary did when she said to the one whom she suposed to be the gardener "They have taken away my Lord and I know not where they have laid him". No, let us cling to the knowledge of the heart and while we are sure "Not half has ever been told" yet be thankful that we have so much that with draws the veil of the future and enables us to glimpse a little of the glory of the life which is to be.

There is to be a City of God yonder, with palaces fair, and many homes, a resting place for the redeemed and a sphere for immortal and glorified powers. The Master said, 'I go to prepare a place foryou." We believe Heaven to be a place as well as a state. There will be a Father's house, eternal, when we have put of this mortal and curruptible, wherein spirit's, redeemed, may dwell, and live, and love, and labor without weariness, without tears and without pain. In that Holy city, blesed reunions will be enjoyed and immortal fellowships, and we shall have wonderful Pisgah sights of God's works and and God's love without end. There is a meaning transcending all others in such statements as "I'm but a stranger here, Heaven is my home".

And yet, the passage no doubt expresses the Christian ideal of character in brotherhood—the true Christian democracy. Here we have not alone "the final home of the redeemed, but the redeemed themselves" as they may be and ought to be on this earth. The Holy City as seen by the disciple-seer was only a fuller picture, an ampler setting, of the Messianic Kingdom of the prophets. It was Isaiah's forecast enriched and completed. It was Ezekiel's rising river, fully risen. Here we have a symbolic outline of the perfected church which Christ loved and gave himself for, "that it might be a glorious church not having spot or wrinkle or any such thing, but that it should be holy and without blemish". In this vision we have the conditions of the heavenly citizenship below, and, in it, we are now come to Mount Zion, and unto the city of the living God, the New Jerusalem here.

It is impossible not to see that we have in these symbols a mirror of life on earth when love to God and love to fellowmen have their true exemplification and the brotherhood of men has come.

There have been many outlines of such ideal conditions other than those of the Bible. Saint Augustine's City of God is one of these though it was only an expansion of this. Plato's Republic another, and there have been many of lesser value, yet all pale before the splendor and simple beauty of the inspired

one. There have been many attempts to bring about the ideal state by artificial social experiments. Communities without number have been proposed and tried. One of the purest and most unselfish was Brook Farm community to which Margaret Fuller and Nathaniel Hawthorne gave their great names and others. The latest and most fantastic perhaps of all is Dowie's Zion City. How unsatisfactory they all are. How in spite of all the utmost caution, evil creeps in, teaching that the Kingdom of God can only come in society as it can only in individuals, from within, out of the fellowship and federation of hearts made white in the blood of the Lamb, and of lives which perfectly reflect that whiteness. Perhaps the full ideal can never be realized in a relative world. The heavenly may never be complete on earth. But more and more it may be approached and simulated, until this corruption shall put on incorruption and this mortal shall have put on immortality.

How blessed to think that earthly cities may become more and more cities of God. How glorious our Christian opportunity to make them so. What are all honest efforts at reform but trials toward this happy end? The City of God on earth must not have in it that which worketh abomination, neither loveth nor maketh a lie. It must not contain anything unclean. No drunkard shall inheret it, nor covetous, nor grafter, nor murderer. There must be no night in it. No occasion for sorrow or tears. Death will lose its sting in such, because it will be no longer a foe, but a friend. Christian Endeavorers should not lose heart because they lose one battle or two in the great struggle for the coming of the City of God on earth. There is joy in the battle as well as the victory and some day it will more fully come even in San Francisco while in the by and by when time shall be no more it shall be in full orbed splendor in the skies.

A THANKSGIVING SONG.

For sowing and reaping, for cold and for heat,
For sweets of the flowers, and gold of the wheat,
For ships in the harbors, for sails on the sea,
O Father in heaven, our songs rise to Thee.

For parents who care for us day after day,
For sisters and brothers, for work and for play,
For dear little babies so helpless and fair,
O Father, we send thee our praise and our prayer.

For teachers who guide us so patiently on,
For frolics with mates when our lessons are done,
For shelter and clothing, for every day's food,
We bless thee, our Father, the Giver of good.

For peace and for plenty, for freedom, for rest,
For joy in the land from the east to the west,
For the dear starry flag, with its red, white, and blue,
We thank thee from hearts that are honest and true.

For waking and sleeping, for all that we see,
We children would offer our praises to thee;
For God is our Father, and bends from above
To keep the round world in the smile of his love.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

Geo. T. Angell says in Our Dumb Animals: "Always kill a wounded bird or other animal as soon as you can. All suffering of any creature, just before it dies, poisons the meat.

ADVANCEMENT IN THE SOUTH.

The South needs producers and not traders. That it is getting its needs in a measure is pointed to by an observer who has traveled through North Carolina and noted the tendencies of progress on the fertile farms that await the skill of the husbandman to bring forth the plenty that is latent on every hand. Mr. Zach McGhee is the writer and his article appears in the current number of the Southern Workman, the magazine issued by the Hampton Institute in the interest of undeveloped races. In certain Northern states the rural population decreased between 1890 and 1900 but in North and South Carolina during that period the rural districts received, respectively, increases of 54.3 per cent and 59.9 per cent of the total increase of population. Following this increase has come a change in conditions on farms. In place of ox carts are wagon teams; rail fences have given way to pailings and wire; log cabins are disappearing and two story, neatly painted homes take their place, and in the front dooryard in place of cabbages and weeds are flower gardens and terraced lawns. In the house are lace curtains and carpets, silverware and books and bathrooms, cooking stoves and door knobs. Homespun clothes made in one piece have gone and the waists and skirts have the latest cut. Vim and vitality and the joy of living seem to have followed the awakening of industry.

Mr. McGhee tells a little story which indicates how the change is being effected. He writes: "A few years ago I chanced to be, one Sunday night, at a little wayside station in the eastern part of North Carolina, in a low, flat, unpropitious looking country, in the midst of waste savannas. The turpetine worker and the timber cutter had come and gone, leaving their marks of desolation upon the face of the woods, and upon the faces of the inhabitants; for the rich forests of the country had been sacked by these wanderers and gatherers, and the stranded, helpless stragglers, in their ignorance and poverty, had been left to dig their meager sustenance from the undelevoped or impoverished soil. I went out that night to a Young Men's Christian Association meeting. Two young men made addresses. They spoke with an eloquence and force, with a fluency of speech, with a knowledge and a strong mentality such as seemed strange in those parts. In that meeting were various signs of life and energy, of intellectual as well as moral earnestness. Upon inquiry, I learned that these young men had just organized this association, and that they were waking up things out there in the woods, religiously intellectually and socially. They had been, one a teacher and the other a newspaper man, in one of the Northwestern states, and had now come to this community to grub stumps on waste savanna land and raise truck for the market."

In the year of his first visit to that section of the South, 1895, six acres of land sold for $13.98, or $2.33 an acre. Last year the same six acres sold for $1,660, or $276.66 an acre. Near the same land, a tract, which in 1892 sold for seventy cents an acre, sold in 1904 for $150 an acre. This land is used for farming purposes only, for trucking, gardening. There have been no boomers to run up the price and no land near there has been laid off in city lots. "People have lived there," says the writer, "for nearly two hundred years, and tilled the soil, and that is what they are doing now.

The difference is that for the first time they are learning how to farm, how to bring from land, formerly considered waste, crops which sell at a big profit."

CURRENT EVENT AND COMMENT.

Timely Topics from Various Sources.

It is worth noting that 732,362 farms are operated by negroes; 150,000 Southern negroes own their farms, and 28,000 more are part owners. In some counties of Virginia the negroes own or operate over eighty per cent of the farms, and in more than half the counties they own or operate seventy per cent of the farms.

The growth of our state universities is a commanding fact in the educational world. They are already high mountains in the West. In ten years the University of Michigan has increased in attendance of students from 2,818 to 3,742; the University of Minnesota from 2,233 to 2,633; the University of Wisconsin from 1,671 to 3,390; the University of California from 1,787 to 3,200; the University of Illinois from 607 to 3,391.

"Gold in Alaska? You just watch Manchuria. Within a few years you'll hear some tall gold stories from the battlefields where the Russians and the Japs fought." This glittering prophecy is made by Amos Leitner, a fur dealer, who arrived at the Russell House from Tacoma. "Every traveler that comes from the Orient adds some morsel of rumor to the belief that the Manchurian streams run over beds of gold. I know of two or three companies organizing in Washington and Oregon to explore Siberia and the country south."—Detroit Free Press.

An old woman at Jhansi, in North India, is a Brahman of strictest sect. She is also mother of a princess who is very ill, and has called in Dr. Blanche Monro of the Woman's Union Missionary Society. She dismisses the lady doctor each time with smiles, and thanks, and rich rewards. Then she grimly orders her servants to wash everything that the foreign lady has touched—the floor, the table and chairs, her own clothes, and finally herself. After she has taken a bath, she feels pure once more. We can now imagine the tremendous determination required by a Brahman who dares profess faith in Christ.

The temperance forces of Iowa, including the Anti-Saloon League, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, the Prohibition party, and the Good Templars, have united in a cooperative movement for the purpose of enforcing the excise laws of the state, the defeat of the mulct saloon and brewery petitions and by all other honorable endeavors to defeat liquor legislation and pass temperance and prohibitory laws in the state and nation. They intend also to formulate plans and policies and recommend candidates for the various state, county and town officers that should receive the votes of temperance and prohibition voters. The Standard, a baptist paper published in Chicago, remarks: "In no other way can the temperance army win the fight. Divided into small squads, no matter how excellent their aims may be nor how well they may be officered, the whiskey forces—united, alert, and well provisioned—will win the fight, and especially when these squads are often quarreling over the language of the general orders or stealing each other's ammunition and supplies."

The present status of the Rhodes scholarships is interesting. In the election of scholars the only qualifying test in scholarship fixed by the trustees is the Oxford Responsions standard. For 1904 five states or territories of the United States failed to qualify a candidate on the Responsions standard, while ten failed in 1905. The states thus failing in 1905 were Alabama, Arizona, Arkansas, Montana, Nevada, North Dakota, Oregon, South Dakota, Utah and Wyoming—mostly, it will be observed, the newer Western states. Among the colonies Rodoesia has had some difficulty in filling up its annual quota of three scholars, and one scholarship is vacant this year. The organization of secondary schools has barely begun there, and in the meantime Rhodesian boys studying in England, but whose parents are spending their lives in the colony, have been considerel eligible. Ths conditon will be modified with the advance of Rodesian education. The only other colonial community which has yet failed to send a scholar is the Northwest Territory of Canada, which furnished a successful candidate in 1904, but none who qualified in 1905. Fifteen American scholarships and two colonial scholarships are, therefore, vacant at the present time through lack of duly qualified scholars. When the scholarships have once lapsed through failure of this kind they are not filled up in the succeeding year, but only in the regular cycle of appointments, as any other method would be unfair to prospective candidates for any given year.

In his book on the Winning of the West, Roosevelt says: "The whole West owes an immense debt to the hard working frontier preachers, sometimes Presbyterian, generally Methodist or Baptist, who so gladly gave their lives to their labors, and who struggled with such firey zeal for the moral well-being of the communities to which they penetrated. Whereever there was a group of log cabins, thither some Methodist circuit rider made his way, or there some Baptist preacher took up his abode. Their prejudices and narrow dislikes, their raw vanity and sullen distrust of all who were better schooled than they count for little when weighed against their intense earnestness and heroic self- sacrifice. They proved their truth by their endeavor. They yielded scores of martyrs, nameless and unknown men who perished at the hands of savages or by sickness or in flood or storm. They had to face no little danger from the white inhabitants themselves. In some of the communities most of the men might heartily support them, but in others, where the vicious and lawless elements were in control, they were in constant danger of mobs. The godless and lawless people hated the religious with a bitter hatred, and gathered in great crowds to break up their meetings. On the other hand, those who had experienced religion were no believers in the doctrine of non-resistence. At the core they were thoroughly healthy men, and they fought as valiantly against the powers of evil in matters physical as in matters moral. Some of the successful frontier preachers were men of weak frame, whose intensity of conviction and fervor of religious belief supplied the lack of bodily powers; but as a rule the preacher who did most was a stalwart man, as strong in body as in faith. One of the continually recurring incidents in the biographies of the famous frontier preachers is that of some particularly hardened sinner who was never converted until, tempted to assault the preacher of the Word, he was soundly thrashed by the latter, and his eyes thereby opened, through his sense of physical shortcoming, to an appreciation of his moral iniquity."

Our Boys and Girls

IF WE HAD BUT A DAY.

We should fill the hours with the
sweetest things,
If we had but a day.
We should drink alone at the purest
springs
In our upward way;
We should love with a lifetime's love
in an hour,
If the hours were few;
We should rest, not for dreams, but
for fresher power
To be and to do.

We should guide our wayward or
wearied wills
By the clearest light;
We should keep our eyes on the heav-
enly hills,
If they lay in sight;
We should trample the pride and dis-
content
Beneath our feet;
We should take whatever the good God
sent
With a trust complete.

We should waste no moments in weak
regret,
If the day were but one;
If what we remember and what we
forget
Went out with the sun;
We should be from our clamorous
selves set free,
To work or to pray,
And to be what the Father would have
us to be,
If we had but a day.

—Mrs. Mary Lowe Dickinson, in Pittsburg Advocate.

LORENZO DOW AND THE COBBLER.

Lorenzo Dow, an eccentric circuit preacher widely known through New England and the South eighty years ago, lives in tradition chiefly for his oddities; but he was a man of strong character, who loved the souls of men.

His sermons and his ways of doing good were peculiarly his own, but they were often surprisingly effectual—not merely because he was singular, but because he was sincere. An aged lady whose father's large farmhouse was one of Mr. Dow's favorite stopping- places in Rhode Island, related some years ago the following story of him from her earlier recollection:

One winter afternoon my father overtook the eccentric preacher on his way to fulfill an engagement, and took him into his wagon.

"I am glad to ride," said Dow, "for there is a thaw coming, and one of my boots has sprung a leak."

As they went on my father suggested a way to repair the damage. "A cobbler lives in that little red house yonder," he said. "He is poor, lame, crabbed and cross, but a good workman.'

"Just the place for me," said Dow, jumping off, and going into the little shop. He sat down silently in front of a few brands smoldering upon the hearth, and pulling off his boot handed it to the cobbler. The man looked at the leak, and swore.

"I am afraid you are not a Christian, my man," said Dow, quietly.

"There are no Christians," retorted the cobbler. "There are plenty who pretended to be;" and he waxed his thread with an angry jerk, which seemed to emphasize what he said.

"Your room is so cold that your wax is hard. Shall I put more wood on your fire?"

"I work to keep warm," was the shoemaker's curt reply, as he pushed a clamp. "I've little enough wood cut, and no one to cut more, and this lame leg won't allow me to do it myself."

Dow removed his long-caped cloak, put his bootless foot into an old shoe lying near, and, going out to the shed, found an axe and went to work. Before the boot was ready he had split and carried in all the wood in the shed, piled it neatly a corner; and made a blazing fire of the chips.

When the boot was done, he put it on, paid for the work, and, taking his cloak, said: "Thank you, my friend; you have proved yourself 'a workman that needeth not be ashamed."

The reply came this time with real civility: "I'm much obliged to you. I shouldent wonder if there are some Christians in the world—and you one of 'em."

"I try to be one; good-by;" and Dow was off, leaving the astonished cobbler saying to himself: "Wal, ef he's tryin', he don't take it all out in talk. He never preached at me so much as a word."

That evening Dow, who often picked up his text on the way to meeting, spoke from the words that had come to him in the shop—II. Tim. 2: 15. "Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed." He had a large audience, and he preached practical religion to them, enforcing in his original way the truth that everywhere there were poor and unfortunate people for Christians to look after, and this work must be done if we expect the world to believe in our Christianity.

Dow spent that night with us, and the next morning one of my father's teams left a load of wood at the lame cobbler's door. Passing the shop on his way to his next appointment, Dow looked in, and said:

"Good morning, my friend, I would saw this wood for you, but there are duties awaiting me further on. I think there must be Christians enough in this community to look after a useful citizen like you."

Before the cobbler had recovered from his actonishment at being called a "useful citizen," two or three schoolboys came to have little jobs of cabbling done, and while they waited they acted on the hint given by Dow in his sermon, and worked at the wood-pile.

From that time on little kindnesses done to the cobbler became so common that he quite lost his crabbed temper; his neighbors gave him no use for it.

"Everybody seems to be helping me," he said. "If I'm a useful citizen,' I ought to be ashamed not to help somebody myself."

The next time Dow came to our neighborhood he was told: "The cobbler has given up his cider and pipe; he sings hymns instead of foolish songs, and reads the Bible to a blind neighbor."

Dow replied: "A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump'—and a good example goes a great way."

Whatever Lorenzo Dow's singularities were he understood the religion of the New Testament. He knew that a Christian is at his best only when he makes himself an object-lesson of his doctrine.—Pittsburg Christian Advocate.

FRANKLIN'S FAMOUS TOAST.

Now that so much is being written concerning Benjamin Franklin, the following anecdote has been revived:

Franklin was dining with a small party of distinguished gentlemen, when one of them said: "Here are three nationalities represented—I am French, and my friend here English, and Mr. Franklin is an American. Let each one propose a toast."

It was agreed to, and the Englishman's turn came first. He arose, and, in the tone of a Briton, said: "Here's to Great Britain, the sun that gives light to all nations of the earth."

The Frenchman was rather taken back by this, but he proposed: "Here's to France, the moon whose magic rays move the tides of the world."

Franklin then arose, with an air of quaint modesty, and said: "Here's to our beloved George Washington, the Joshua of America, who commanded the sun and moon to stand still—and they obeyed."

King Oscar of Sweden once passed through a small town, festively decorated in his honor. One stone building bore a large transparent board, inscribed, "Welcome, Your Majesty!" "What house is that?" asked the king. "That is the town prison," was the answer.

For the Quiet Hour.

FOR HUMBLEST PLACE AND FRUITAGE.

David H. Ela, D.D.

I loved my calling—year by year
Seemed call more worthy, work more dear,
Broader its fields of power expand,
Its labors wider scope demand;
The wisdom of the earth and skies,
Science and labor subsidize,
Beyond the aid of nature's laws
Seeks for its aid the Cause of cause,
And wakes the mightiest powers within
For work to deity's akin:—
The soul expanding with delight
In toil, where Mightiest adds his might,
Yet sinks in deep humility
'Mid work that tasks infinity,—
Self-humbling that new strength supplies
For unforeseen emergencies.

So labor vast and broader fields
Awoke new power, more harvest yields,
And work so grand, concentric will,
A clearer sight, and tact and skill,
Filled, thrilled the soul with whelming joy,
In field so grand all power to employ.
Impelled to super-strenuous stroke,
The arm, like o'er-strained sword-blade, broke.
The power was gone—the hand that wrought,
Outworking brain-inspired thought,
Fell listless, irresponsive, still,
Flaccid to impulse of the will.

Henceforth, the laborer's place I yield,
Of hardest toil in widest field;
To other hands the task resign
To prune and guard the fruitful vine,
Into the garner's ample store
The harvest's hundredfold to pour—
But gladly join the band who come
With gleanings, singing harvest home.
For minds and hands, trained to the joy
Of wider toil, may find employ
In narrower, simpler labor done,
In lesser gains and fruitage won.
The hands that reaped the heavy grain
May, glad, the hedge-row gleaning gain,
And in the smaller field may find
For body health, and peace of mind.

And who shall say that in his sight,
Who sees all fields in heaven's own light,
My garden boundaries appear
Less broad than spreading acres are?
Nay, He for whom earth's harvests pour
Her ceaseless, unexhausted store,
May see the fruitage of my toil
Richer than yield of prairie soil.
My hedge of roses, homely set,
And small parterre of mignonette,
And thyme's sweet breath, and pansy bloom,
And lilies, shedding rare perfume,
Far richer offering may exhale
Than all earth's incense to the gale.

O, little-seeing heart, be still,
And humbly trust his wiser will.
He needs not what thy hands can bring,
Can manifold thy offering;
Can make thy small loaves ample food
Thy mighty effort, rich success:
Thy mighty doing, if he bless,
Thy scanty vineyard-planting bring
A more than Eschol-offering.

Learn thou, as in the prophet's day,
Better than sacrifice, to obey.

LIGHT SCATTERS DARKNESS.

My attention has been drawn to an article entitled "A Great Missionary Field Surveyed," contained in the Epworth Herald of June 17th, a portion of which presented a very dark picture of the condition of missionary work in Southern Asia. The picture is drawn in very dark colors, no doubt, but I can hardly see that it exaggerated the actual situation as missionaries find it in the field. It does not follow, however, that because a picture is dark no light is shining about it, or that no better future awaits the unfortunate millions who are groping in present darkness. The people are undoubtedly very poor, and nine-tenths of them are constantly living on the verge of actual starvation. Gross moral darkness broods over the whole land, and obstacles of many kinds confront the missionary, no matter where he turns. Practically, the people seem bound in fetters, and encircled by walls of prejudice, ignorance and enmity, which no missionary can hope either to scale or throw down.

But there is another side to this picture. When this better day in which we are living was foretold in ancient prophecy, it was said that the coming kingdom "should break in pieces and consume all those kingdoms (of darkness) and endure forever." There is a great process of "breaking in pieces" going on in the non-Christian world at the present time, and it is a striking fact that God's providential overturning of nations and institutions and agencies of all kinds keeps pace with the advance of the modern missionary movement. No era in the world's history has ever presented such a spectacle as that which confronts us today. The missionary is seemingly a very obscure worker, but the very stars in their courses favor him, and fight against all agencies which rise up against him.

But what can the gospel of Christ do when the question is one of finding bread for the hungry and clothing for the naked? What hope has any missionary that China will ever be better able to feed her four hundred millions than she is today? What can India do for her teeming millions, nearly all of whom are living on insufficient food? Can we expect that heaven will begin to distill manna from the skies as in the olden time? Is not, in fact, the problem of feeding the rapidly increasing millions of the human race a hopeless one?

To this question I would reply that God is never taken by surprise. He has seen the end from the beginning. He has promised to provide for those who put their trust in him and respect his laws. No direct miracle is needed other than such as have been experienced in comparatively recent times. When Julius Caesar sat down to his daily meals he had no potatoes, no corn bread, no oatmeal, no sugar set before him, for the simple reason that these articles of food were not then known. Take away these staples from our race today and millions would immediately perish of hunger. The same providence that directed the discovery of new articls of food in the past can easily provide an abundance for an obedient world with a population ten times as great as that of the present day. At a time when a gifted scientist is discovering means of making the varieties of the worthless cactus plant, which covers every mountain side in India, an article of food, no one should venture to assert that our earth cannot be made to support those who live upon its surface. A dozen new articles of food may be discovered at any time, and God's providence not only can, but surely will make abundant provision for the wants of all who keep his laws.

The missionary enterprise is animated by the three cardinal virtues—faith, hope and love. Love prompts the missionary to go forth, faith strengthens him for his task, while hope, moving before him like a glowing star upon the darkest horizon leads him forward to a victory not only over sin, but over the whole brood of calamities which sin scatters broadcast over the nations.—Bishop James M. Thoburn.

Christian love is not the dream of a philosopher sitting in his study and benevolently wishing the world were better than it is, congratulating himself, perhaps, all the time on the superiority shown by himself over less amiable natures. Injure one of these beaming sons of good humor, and he bears malice, deep, unrelenting, refusing to forgive. But give us the man who, instead of retiring to some small, select society, or rather association, where his own opinion shall be reflected, can mix with men where his sympathies are unmet and his tastes are jarred and his views traversed at every turn, and still can be just and gentle and forbearing.

"A man fell out of a window on the sixteenth story of a building, and as he shot by each window on his way down he called out, "All right so far!" He was an optimist."

IMPEDIMENTA.

As we look back on the long road humanity has traveled, what, perhaps strikes us first is the immense weight of incumbrances it has carried. We wonder that dragging such a load, it has made any progress at all. If we consider man as a spiritual being, and his end the attainment of moral perfection, the long list of his animal instincts, his rapacity, his inbred savagery, seem only a baffling and hopeless hindrance. But it is not so. What we now call the lower qualities were, in man's pre-moral stage, the motive power which carried him along. When we study what man has come out of, the load he has carried, and the milestones he has already passed, the boundless moral optimism of the New Testament—its Gospel of ultimate perfection—becomes strictly scientific.

We may see every day in the lives around us how a man's impedimenta help while hindering. The seeming disadvantages are part of the machinery of progress. It is notorious how plain-featured women marry, while better favored ones are left in the lurch. Is the secret that beauty is apt to be too self-satisfied while plainness seeks to offer an equivalent for outward lack in inner quality? As suggestive, too, it is touching to see how the impedimenta of disease and pain have played their part in the forward movement. It does not, we know, adequately explain their presence in the world to say that they have helped to humanize people, but that is the fact nevertheless. In man's purely intellectual progress, too, it is interesting to observe the part played by his impedimenta. We enter the world of thought dragging behind us a long train of inherited preconceptions. We can not drop the past if we would, and no healthy mind will try. What we can do is to clarify our view of it and of our relation to it. Let us sum up. A man's baggage train forms an indispensible part of his equipment for this world, and on his management of it depends much of his inner and outer success. It is the part of wisdom to learn what amongst this luggage is only a hindrance, and to dispense with it. The leaders, in winning their battles for humanity, have often, in heroic faith, to cut themselves off from their base, and dash on without visible supplies. And we all in that great race disclosed to us in the Gospel, for life's highest prize, must needs "lay aside every weight," and that greatest and heaviest of impedimenta—"the sin that doth so easily beset us."—By J. Buerly, B. A., in "Studies of the Soul."

THE CRICKET AND THE LION.

One day the lion was out walking in the wood. As he was stepping near an old, rotten log, he heard a tiny voice say: "Oh, please don't step there. That's my house, and with one step more you will destroy it."

The lion looked down and saw a little cricket sitting on the log. He roared: "And is it you, weak, little creature, that dares tell me where to step?

"You may be the king of beasts, but I am king of my house; and I don't want you to break it down, king or no king."

The lion was amazed at such daring.

"Don't you know, you little weakling, that I could smash you and your house and all your relatives with one blow of my paw?"

"I may be weak, but I have a cousin no bigger than I who can master you in a fight."

"Oho! O, O!" laughed the lion. "Well, little boaster you have that cousin here tomorrow; and if he does not master me, I'll crush you and your house and your cousin all together."

The next day the lion came back to the same spot and roared, "Now, boaster, bring on your valiant cousin!"

Pretty soon he heard a buzzing near his ear. Then he felt a stinging. "Oh! Oh!" he cried; "get out of my ear!"

But the cricket's cousin, the mosquito, kept on singing and stinging. With every sting the lion roared louder and scratched his ear and jumped around. But the mosquito kept on singing and stinging. The cricket sat on the log and looked on. At last he said, "Mr. Lion, are you satisfied to leave my house alone?"

"Yes, anything, anything," roared the lion, "if you only get your cousin out of my ear!"

So the cricket called the mosquito off, and then the lion went away and never bothered them any more.—Good Housekeeping.

MOTHER'S WORK.

"My mother gets me up, builds the fire and gets my breakfast and sends me off," said a bright youth.

"Then she gets my father up, and gets his breakfast and sends him off. Then she gives the other children their breakfast and sends them to school; then she and the baby have their breakfast."

"How old is the baby?" asked the reporter. "Oh, she is most two, but she can talk and walk as well as any of us."

"I get two dollars a week, and father gets five dollars a day."

"How much does your mother get?"

With a bewildered look the boy said: "Mother! Why, she don't work for anybody."

"I thought you said she worked for all of you."

"Oh, yes, for us she does; but there ain't no money in it."—Watchword.

THE LAW OF PROPORTION.

The most difficult problem that confronts many lives is, not the problem of resisting known vice, but the problem of knowing when a secondary good is occupying an excessive part in our heart and conduct. Excess in any secondary good may destroy the whole worthiness of character and may be most detrimental to Christian usefulness. If we are in this world to attain a character worthy of eternal development, and to do all that we can to save mankind from inferior ideals, we are wise only as we seek the first things with all our heart and all our soul. It is no mistake for a person so to live that he give more and better thought to conformity to God's will than to conformity to any of the passing fashions of man. When first things are first in desire and search, then we are the noblest and freest; then we are most to ourselves, to the world and to God.—J. C. K. McClure, D.D., in "Loyalty, the Soul of Religion."

If thou art the lily and the rose of Christ, know that thy dwelling place is among the thorns. Only take care lest by thy impatience, by thy rash judgments, and thy secret pride, thou dost not thyself become a thorn.— Luther.

SCOUNDRELISM.

If there is one tendency of the day which more than any other is unhealthy and undesirable, it is the tendency to deify mere "smartness," unaccompanied by a sense of moral accountability. We shall never make our republic what it should be until as a people we thoroughly understand and put in practice the doctrine that success is abhorrent if obtained by the sacrifice of the fundamental principles of morality. The successful man, whether in business or in politics, who has risen by conscienceless swindling of his neighbors, by deceit and chicanery, by unscrupulous boldness and unscrupulous cunning, stands toward society as a dangerous wild beast. The mean and cringing admiration which such a career commands among those who think crookedly or not at all makes this kind of success perhaps the most dangerous of all the influences that threaten our national life. Our standard of public and private conduct will never be raised to the proper level until we make the scoundrel who succeeds feel the weight of a hostile public opinion even more strongly than the scoundrel who fails.—Theodore Roosevelt in The Strenuous Life.

Sunday-School Lesson

PLEASANT FIELDS OF HOLY WRIT.

December 10, 1905.

Reading and Obeying the Law.

Upon the stone pavement, in the great plaza in Jerusalem, a great throng was seated in the gray of the morning. It has been variously estimated at between twenty and fifty thousand. Parents have brought their children in hopes that the scene will be caught on the sensitive plate of memory. Over there was the gate through which the Gibeonites fetched water for use in the temple. Behind them was the temple itself—monument of the pious zeal of the returned exiles; inclosing all, the walls, completed only seven days before; in the midst, a rude wooden platform, such as we see at our modern hustings.

In obedience to the note of the silver trumpet, this uncommon multitude had gathered at the Feast of the New Moon, at the opening of the seventh month, crowded with its sacred festivals. And the people, of their own accord, having a premonition that the voice of prophecy would cease, and that they stood on the edge of the silent centuries, had requested that they might hear the written Word.

Ezra, the second Moses, the second founder of the Jewish State, ascended the wooden pulpit, accompanied by thirteen of the most influential Levites. Just as the sun rose he held aloft the yellow scroll. As before the sun the darkness of nature rolled back, so the Lamp of the Word was about to remove the darkness of their minds—a darkness intensified by the captivity and subsequent neglect.

At sight of the book of the law, the people rose in token of their reverence.

Now the vast audience composed itself to listen to the reading of the law. The ears of all the people were attentive unto the book. There was rapt, devout, sympathetic listening.

Analysis and Key.

I. Backsliding: Fact vs. Theory.
- An ancient example.
- The revival under Nehemiah and Ezra.
- Reading the law—its effect.
- Protestations of allegiance.
- Favorable conditions—temple and wall built.
- Backslide in spite of all.

II. Backsliding: Its Cause.
- Neglect and desecration of the Sabbath.
- Attendance at temple falls off.
- Gifts deteriorate.
- Manual labor on Lord's day.

III. Backsliding: Cured.
- Sabbath desecration stopped.
- Nehemiah's example and exhortations.
- His moral and legal measures.

The Teacher's Lantern.

This Sabbath question is a personal question as well as a national one. Decline in piety and usefulness usually begins with the neglect of Sabbath duties, and then proceeds to the active profanation of the day. The door of the heart's temple must be shut against the stream of worldliness on the eve of the Sabbath, and not opened until after the Sabbath.

This is an early instance of uniform Bible-study. The advantageous results are just as apparent now as then.

"All the people stood up." Reverential posture in worship is no insignificant matter. Common courtesy requires of visitors that they conform to the posture assumed by the congregation in worship.

OLD PEOPLE IN THE HOME.

The presence of the old person is a boon to the household, just as is the presence of the child. Were the old person gone, there would be felt the want of that rallying-point which is like the fire in the chimney-place, which gives a cohesion to the family, keeps the hearts of all the household warm, and teaches the younger members the first elements of that consideration and gentleness which has in it no principle of self-seeking.

As long as they remain with us they stand, theoretically at least, as a barrier between us and the great unknown;

It were good if we told these older people how truly sensible we are of their value. For if they were aware of our feeling in some of these various regards toward them, it would, without doubt, give them a sincere and genial relief and pleasure. And we shall have it to regret when they are really gone that we failed to let them know how we realized their preciousness.

THE HABIT OF TRUST.

The occupations of every day seem often trifling, we may do them without thinking as ordinary things; yet they are the scenes of our appointed lot—appointed by God for you and me. The ordering, the application of these ordinary occupations, is the appointing of the divine purpose; it is for ourselves to carry out. And secretly our character forms according as we handle them. Give thy heart to God eternal since thou are thyself eternal. Join thy heart to what he has given thee to do. Join thy heart to his teaching, and thou becomest of a will like to his own will. Nothing comes by pure accident, not even the interruptions in our busy day. And such as follow on to know God's will see in all events what may lead to good, and so trust grows into a habit as habit grows by perpetual use, till every circumstance may be seen to be but a fresh manifestation of the will of God working itself out in us.—T. T. Carter in Northwestern Christian Advocate.

We ought to thank God daily for the sins we have not committed.

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(Continued from page 2.)

put an end, at the close of every action, to all reflections upon it, all reflex acts of self-love, whether of a vain joy or sorrow. Let us be accustomed to recollect ourselves during the day and in the midst of our occupations by a simple view of God. Let us silence by that means all the movements of our hearts, when they appear in the least agitated. Let us separate ourselves from all that does not come from God. Let us suppress our superfluous thoughts and reveries. Let us utter no useless word. Let us seek God within us, and we shall find him without fail, and with him joy and peace. While outwardly busy let us be more occupied with God than with everything else. To be rightly engaged we must be in his presence and employed for him. At the sight of the majesty of God our interior ought to become calm and remain tranquil. Once a single word of the Savior suddenly calmed a furiously agitated sea; one look of his at us, and of ours toward him, ought always to perform the same miracle within us. We must not wait for a leisure hour when we can bar our doors; the moment that is employed in regretting that we have no opportunity to be recollected might be profitably spent in recollection. Let us turn our hearts toward God in a simple, familiar spirit, full of confidence in him. The most interrupted moments, even while eating, or listening to others, are valuable. Tiresome and idle talk in our presence, instead of annoying, will afford us the delight of employing the interval in seeking God. Thus all things work together for good to them that love God. Let us be careful not to suffer ourselves to be overwhelmed by the multiplicity of our exterior occupations, be they what they may. Let us endeavor to commence every enterprise with a pure view to the glory of God, continue it without distraction, and finish it without impatience. The intervals of relaxation and amusement are the most dangerous for us and perhaps the most useful for others; we must then be on our guard that we be seeking God. Thus all things work as faithful as possible to the presence of God. We can never employ our leosure hours better than in refreshing our spiritual strength by a secret and intimate communion with God. Prayer is so necessary, and the source of so many blessings, that he who has discovered the treasure cannot be prevented from having recourse to it whenever he has an opportunity.—Fenelon.

A student in India was laboring hard over the English language. "A hawk carried off the chickens," said the Hindustantee. After severe mental effort the sentence appeared in English as follows, "The kite eloped with the hen's duaghters."

Mrs. Muggins: "That man who joined church last Sunday used to be a bunco steerer." Mrs. Buggins: "Isn't it lovely. What a help he will be in getting up our church fairs!

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